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CONTENTS

Literae

The Curse of War	1
The Hunchback	2
Oriental Memories	3
Editorial Comments	4
Agriculture	6
Tales and Tattle	8
Athletics	10
Exchange	12

The Gleaner

Vol. I.

National Farm School. May, 1912

No. 6

Literæ.

LAWRENCE W. CROHN, Editor.

THE CURSE OF WAR.

"The field of battle is wide and long,

Says he to himself in slumber,
And Pa is there among the strong,
Comprising their big number."

"There is dim, thick, blinding smoke.

He must be truly fighting,
Exchanging fiercely stroke for stroke,
The enemy with fire lighting."

"O, mother! mother! Come forth and gaze,

The scoundrel Papa wounded,
And through the swift light fire blaze,

They carry him as he swounded!"

"O, Papa, dear! Forget not us,
Who here from hunger die.
Let not all to perish thus
And from the world to hie!"

"Behold, thou, Mamma's moving tears,
Her heart in terror breaks,

Come back at once and quiet her fears,
Which thy lonely absence makes."

"Days have passed, and he's still away,
Unheard of and outcasted,
Far from home in war away,
Perhaps with bullets blasted."

"Yes, indeed, he was brought
But did not come himself,
And notwithstanding how he fought
He lost his sacred wealth."

"Awake! Ye blackened, cruel hearts.
Perceive man's blood's great worth,
For it so in careless manner parts
And thus transform to earth!"

"How much of round metallic trash
Need I to mankind give,
To convert to blood my father's ash
So that he again may live?

J. Bilik, '16.

THE HUNCHBACK.

Three feeble knocks at my door awakened me. I hurriedly turned my head and angrily cried:

"Come in!"

Quietly and slowly the door opened, and a low black figure crept in. I stood up. An unknown young man faced me, whose clothes were old but neat and clean. First of all, my eyes noticed his crippled breast and hunched-back, but later I saw an intelligent, pale face, with two big wise, grieved thoughtful and fearful eyes.

"Pardon," he began to stammer. "I was told that you write sketches and stories, so I came to ask why you don't write a story about a hunchback?"

His voice was trembling, but his eyes gleamed with such an urgent and afflicted look that I could not answer, but "kindly take a seat!"

"On the street the loafers call me hunchback at a meeting of well-dressed men and painted ladies I am a hunchback, but before a writer I am a person with a heart, with feelings, with tears, and with pains."

His voice was cut off and his black eyes opened still wider, and a mass of sorrow was seen in them.

"Tears are choking me now. I feel like weeping, but be calm, we unfortunates are used to mask our feelings and our desires. Yes! We are unfortunate! Our greatest misfortune is that we want to be as happy as the rest. Why should a healthy driver be happy? And a soldier, a fine looking good-for-nothing should, and I—and all of my kind should not? But yet, there was a time—a short time it was—when I dared to be happy. A sweet dream, which left my heart

with a bitter pain. I had a position with a jeweler, where I had steady work because of my industriousness and honesty. But I have no work at present. I walk around as though I were crazy. Perhaps I shall feel better if I tell you the story of my broken heart. Dimly my years passed on. I was lonely and sequestered from all; all the seas of life rushed around me and I choked and destroyed every desire within me until a strong wave tore me away from my loneliness. I—I felt within my heart a clear, refined, true feeling of love. She was a poor lonely working girl; no fortune nor happiness could she expect from her earnings and our hearts were united with love.

"At first she was a little uneasy and somewhat gloomy. But later she began to bloom like a flower and sing like a bird and as happy as a child. My strong love, my truthfulness, my friendship beset me and I was happy—the happiest man in the world. Oh! what sweet happy moments we have lived! And later, when she felt a child under her heart and when the child echoed with its voice. Our welcomed guest. No! No! Be calm, I will not weep. Then I cried, they were happy tears. Like a good servant I served them. At dawn when they were yet asleep I was up, made coffee, cleaned the house and went to work, a happy and contented man. At eve I used to go home with fruit, or a present for my beloved. The child recognized me and smiled to me with a happy smile.

"Pardon, the smoke from your cigar entered into my eyes and brought out two drops of water. It was surely comical to see a hunchback weep; but if you would only see me weep. How I wept

and mourned then, when one evening, I came home and found the house deserted. My strength left me and I felt like an undercut tree. Perhaps you would have pity on me.

"Good man!" he suddenly cried with a weeping voice—my love, my faithfulness, my friendship, my holy feelings, all she trampled with her feet, when a well developed rascal with red cheeks, fresh eyes and a vacant mind only winked at her. Clear thoughts, fine feelings, a good heart had no value to them; the chief thing is that he should not be a hunchback, and I so truly, so strongly loved—and the child I also have not."

He turned around and covered his face.—' Translated by

M. Schmookler, '15.

ORIENTAL MEMORIES.

The Sphinx at Night.

The Sphinx was silent and so was the Nile; both seemed to be still, mystic guards, keeping watch over the ruined temples of the Pharaohs; occasionally the Nile murmured tenderly to its banks, crowned by date palms, orange and limegroves, which sent sweet perfumes into the night breezes, and then again it sank into silence as if nursing in her breast the secrets of ages.

The large, round moon shed its mellow radiance, but it could only light one side of the huge pyramids. It seemed as if they too wanted to remain dark, gloomy and mournful. In the distance could be seen in a blaze of electric lights, Cairo, the ancient, dressed in modern garb. To the right a

little distance away was an Arab caravan, encamped for the night, their sweet, sad love songs floating across the desert they love so well, while on the left we can see the electric cars waiting to take us back to Cairo. It was truly a picture I will ever remember, the past meeting, the present and yet the still. The Sphinx was silent and likewise the mournful Nile.

M. Kerashetian, '13.

"Oh, dear! Look how tenderly she kisses her sister's hand."

"Kisses nothing. Her sister's a packer in a candy factory."

Dr. to Kormiohl—"What is an aldehyde?"

Kormiohl—"The skin of an animal named alde."

"What's the matter with Harmon?"

"Recovering from a case of hard cider."

Spareribs:—"Gravy, if a man gave for each of his three sons a third of a watermelon, butter bread with honey, two ham sandwiches, a cup of milk and a banana, what would each get?"

Gravy—"Belly-ache."

A KISS.

An upward glance or two
A downward glance or three,
A murmured word or two,
A touch of me and thee,
A sudden start or two—
For someone comes to see,
A silence one or two.
A word that starts with "d"
So near a lip or two
"What is to be will be."

J. A. Y.

The Gleaner

Published monthly by the students
in the interest of the
NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL.

James Work, *Editor-in-Chief*.

Associate Editors.

Lawrence W. Crohn, *Literae*.

Jesse Marcus, *Agriculture*.

Lewis L. Redalia *Tales and Tattle*

Abe Witkin, *Athletics*.

Martin Fereshetian, *Exchange*.

Thaddeus Capek, *Art*.

Business Staff.

Philip Amrum, *Manager*.

Assistants.

L. Helfand, A. Gordon.

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Editorial Comment

It is indeed a fact to be deplored that more contributions, in the way of both stories and witticisms, are not received by the Editor. Especially do we lack stories. The staff is doing practically the entire work of the paper, receiving no support from the student body whatever. This state of affairs should not exist.

We surely have the brains in the school. We surely have men with imagination, the narrative gift, the ability to write good English, and the power of observation. True, to be a Dickens, or a

Shakespeare, requires even something more than these qualities, requires a knowledge of life and human nature, of the contending types of character, and a sympathy and feeling possessed by few. But, sad to state, we hardly expect stories the equal of some we have read, but we expect, and demand, stories. It is the student's duty toward his paper to supply them.

Next month we expect to turn out an anniversary number, and desire plenty of material to choose from. Get into gear.

The Postal Appropriation bill, as passed by the House, provides for the beginning of a parcel post experiment. Although the majority of the House opposed a thorough measure, the House as a whole was willing to provide for an experiment.

An experiment, or what shall we call it—a quieter? A palliative? That is not what the farmer wants, and, if we are not mislead, is not what the representatives from the districts where agriculture predominates want. If we are not mislead.

The farmer requires, and should have, a complete system, not a little collect and delivery scheme. The system should be such that a package could be sent direct from the farm to the consumer. It should not terminate at their respective post offices. Furthermore, the service should be on a par with that given by the express companies in the cities now, and should cost less. The farmer wants to see his goods depart with the rural delivery wagon, and not have to convey them to the station. And they should, for does not the mail wagon oftentimes rumble by empty, or nearly so.

Does this pay? By extending the parcel post system to include conveyance by the mail wagons, the rural free delivery system would undoubtedly be made self-supporting.

Moreover, the weight restriction is entirely too low. Eleven pounds! That wouldn't even admit of a good-sized turkey being conveyed to the consumer. With such a weight limit the best of systems in other respects will do the farmer little good.

Then the system should be so perfected as to provide delivery at the consumers' end.

Is all this possible, and, furthermore, practicable? It is. Has not this system existed for years in France, Germany and many European countries? Are we behind them in progress? We are, along this particular line. Shall we be so much longer? Let us hope not. For a system such as exists abroad will alone answer the demands, and rightful demands of the farmer.

But, on the other hand, the difficulties in the way of the establishment of an adequate parcel post in this country are many.

The government and the express companies have, respectively, contracts with the railroads for the carrying of matter of all kinds. And the transportation rates of the government, on account of the large bulk of mail matter per ton, are eight times the amount of those contracted for by the express companies. In addition to

this, the express company contracts are exclusive, and have years yet to run. To make the matter worse, the Supreme Court has passed upon these contracts and declared them valid. The government could not possibly maintain a parcels post with the present rates existing. A pretty fix to be in? Yes.

The only logical way out of the difficulties is for the government to buy up the express company contracts or acquire them by condemnation. This would rid the country of an enormous express monopoly; and, furthermore, should not the farmers' cry be heeded. It would cost millions? Yes. But are not millions spent yearly on schemes that do not result in half the practical good a parcels post would? And, the farmer, the real producer, the backbone of the country, should be hearkened to.

Last month, our 'editor-in-chief, Mr. Schlesinger, left the school, leaving open a position that cannot be filled the way he filled it. But we are doing our humble best.

No adjectives can express the way in which he was esteemed, and the way in which we feel his loss. We all join in wishing him success in his every venture.

The subscriptions of most of the students expires with this month's issue. All are requested to see to re-subscription.



Agriculture.

J. Marcus, Editor.

CORN.

The chief crop in American agriculture is corn. It is a native of the new continent. This crop was cultivated by the Indians before the Western world was discovered.

The corn produced in the United States each year is worth more than a billion dollars.

During recent years the improvement of the corn varieties has become a matter of general interest among scientists and progressive farmers.

Simple selection of the ears was the beginning of corn improvement and the only method followed from the earliest periods of American agriculture.

The first lines of the experiment station work with corn, comprised variety tests of cultural factors, such as depth and time of plowing, time, manner and depth of planting, distance between the rows and intervals between plants in a row, depth, frequency and manner of cultivation. After considerable light had been thrown on many of these questions, the improvement of corn by selection, and by breeding and selection received more attention.

This work was inaugurated, and is still continued with a view to getting larger yields of shelled corn, rich in starch, oil or protein as the purpose for which the crop is intended may require. An increase in yield is brought about bettering the environment of the plant or by improving the character of the plant itself.

All the improvements within the plant is based on the one hand on

variation or the tendency of the offspring to differ in some respects from parents, and, on the other hand, heredity, or the propensity of progeny to possess characteristics in common with parents or other blood relatives. That corn has undergone a marked change since the beginning of its culture is unquestionable.

CROSS-POLLINATION.

In self-pollination, the pollen produced by a particular plant falls upon the silks and fertilizes the blossoms of the same plant. In close pollination the pollen from a particular plant fertilizes the blossoms of the plant growing from the same ear; i. e., the two plants having the same mother ear. In cross pollination the pollen from the tassel of one plant fertilizes the blossoms of another plant growing from a different mother ear.

Improvement by cross-pollination was carried on at the Kansas Experiment Station from 1880 to 1890, and numerous crosses thus secured were successful. The different varieties such as dent, flint, soft, sweet and pop-corn apparently crossed readily. In comparatively few cases, generally in sweet corn varieties, effects of crossing were visible the first year. The second generation usually showed ears more or less completely blended and often exactly intermediate between the two parent types. More rarely the grains of a single ear were unlike each other, resembling closely or remotely one parent or the other. The third year the product was gen-

erally true to the seed planted.

The Illinois Experiment Station began the work on corn improvement in 1889, crosses being made between varieties of dent corn and varieties of dent, sweet and pop-corn. In the crossing between varieties of dent corn of the same color or between varieties of sweet corn of the same color, the change in the crossed ear could not with certainty be attributed to the influence of the pollen, the variations in these ears being apparently no greater than those of the same variety left to develop naturally. Ears produced by crossing white sweet corn with pollen of the yellow dent corn were nearly as dark as the male plant, with kernels very much like flint corn in appearance and with taste characteristics of dent corn. Where both sweet and dent corn kernels appear on the same ear, dent kernels were always the heavier.

Crosses in which yellow dent corn was the male and sweet corn the female, yellow sweet the male and white sweet the female, and yellow pop-corn the male, and white dent the female, exhibited the greatest degree of success.

The crossing between pop-corn and dent corn seem to show off the male more than the female parent, while those on which pop-corn was the female parent were more flinty than those in which the dent corn had furnished the pollen.

The corn grown from the crossed seed was in nearly all cases increased in size as a result of crossing.

How breeding changes the chemical composition of the kernel will be published in some future issue.

J. M., '13.

FARM NEWS.

The manure pit is in operation. Peas and oats are already sown. Tom and Dick are pulling the gang plow in the orchard. One more new horse was purchased last week. Potatoes and sweet corn were planted a few days ago. Too much praise cannot be given to the boys for their excellent work done on the bridge leading from the woods to No. 3 farm. The engine is in the pasture and the sawing of logs is to commence next week. The young carnation plants are already set out in the field. The Freshmen are learning agriculture wonderfully fast. About 30 acres are to be limed this spring. The lime is on the field waiting to be spread. Plowing the field in front of the post office, a Freshman struck a stone quarry by mistake.

* * *

As soon as the blossoms fall, spray apple trees for the coddling moth; the operation is inexpensive and it pays well in the end.

* * *

Due to the scarcity of potatoes last winter, many farmers have decided to devote a larger acreage for the crop. Whether it is a wise move remains to be seen next fall.

* * *

At a political meeting in New Britain, Roosevelt promised the farmers to abolish the oleo-margarine trade if he was elected President of the United States once more.

* * *

"The farmer is the hardest working man in the country and

gets the least for his work," are the words of President Taft, "re-elect me and the prices of corn,

wheat and other farm produce will rise in price." He had in view the large business man.

Tales and Tattle.

Lewis Redalia, Editor.

"Hey, for the ripple of laughing Rhyme."

CLASS '13.

Thirteen may be an unlucky number elsewhere, but not in Farm School? How about it, fellows?

The Seniors have carried on an aggressive campaign that the students may have baseball and also time for practice. We have done our share. Ten more months and we will leave you, but during our stay we will carry on and support anything that will be to the welfare of the student and the glory of our dear school; after then, it's up to you.

M. F.

CLASS 1914.

TALES AND TATTLE.

The prospects for a class baseball team are getting smaller as the class slowly decreases, its members going out to fight the battle of life a little before time. Still hope is not given up.

At a recent meeting, Stoloroff was elected secretary to fill the vacancy left by the departure of Weisman.

M. S.

CLASS 1915.

After a reviving vacation our to a number of old grads. We are classmates once again met withinincreasing.

the portals of their Pennsylvania Hall. During the meeting Mr. Helland resigned as president on account of limited time, and Mr. Crohn was re-elected as our chief.

We sincerely hope the ship of the class will once again have a quiet sea and fair sailing. As to other matters "All's well."

A. L. K.

CLASS 1916.

Nothing of great importance has taken place in the class organization for the past month. Its members are indulging in the baseball team work of the school as well as of the class.

The class colors are crimson and gold.

"To do, and do well in behalf of the school," is the motto of every member.

The installation of the class being near, we prepare to make a favorable showing.

J. B.

ALPHA DELTA.

Still kicking. Expect to shine June 2d, when we give banquet

LITERARY SOCIETY OF THE
NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL.

The Literary Society of the National Farm School is still progressing. The programs of the evenings are variegated, embracing such subjects as Current Events, Readings and Recitation, reviews of books and plays and Agricultural lectures.

It was with deep regret that we accepted the resignation of one of our ardent leaders, Mr. E. G. Schlesinger. He tendered it on account of his departure from the school. Besides the unanimous vote of thanks given, every member extends him his best wishes in all his undertakings.

At a recent meeting of the Gleaner Association, James Work, '13, was elected editor-in-chief; Lewis Redalia, '15, editor of Tales and Tattle, and A. Gordon, '16, assistant business manager.

Samson took his lady fair,
To spoon in a motor car.
For money he very little cared
And into expenses went far.

When she asked him for an ice
cream treat,
Or take a ride in a boat,
He, in a harsh high tone, ex-
claimed,
"For the love of Mike, don't get
my goat."

There's a fellow in the Freshmen
class
Who's greener than the greenest
gras s.
To ask a question he is always
there,

His face is the image of a mad
bear.

His classmates do not like it, and
they say,

Please leave your questions for
some other day.

Nussbaum—"Say, Jenkins, that
Sedan has a good voice, but one
thing would make it still better."

Jenkins—"What is that?"

Nussbaum—"Cut his throat."

Yesterday at 1.15 P. M.—Ethyl
Iodide in the Chem. lab. The
pallbearers will be Ben Zine and
his sister, Maggie Zine, Ethyl
Carbonate and Ben Zoate.

Every locality of any account
has its Mutt and Jeff. Observe
Adleman and Hornstein, import-
ed beans from Boston.

You can't drive a nail with a
sponge no matter how hard you
soak it.

If the faculty would give a ban-
quet and invite Mr. G., would he
be Eaton?

Would Mike mind if Harriet
ate Mush.

No. She has to swallow it every
time he writes.

"I saw Hecker standing on a
corner yesterday winding up his
estate."

"His estate?"

"Yes, a dollar watch."

Athletics

A. Witkin, Editor.

The Farm School baseball team is now going at full speed. Never in the history of Farm School has the spirit been so intense and the team so full of vigor and courage. These are the qualities of a successful team, more so than individual stars and spectacular plays. The team is playing together, and they no more lose their nerve at the critical moment.

The game with the Palmer High School was the best witnessed at the home grounds this year. With Kahn in the box the Palmer batters were baffled, and only six scratch hits were made off his delivery. The infield was like a stone wall, with George at third, Nusbaum at short, Ulman at second and Captain Weigle at first. Adleman in left field and Harvey in right field held their positions down creditably and each figured in two brilliant running catches. Ross, one of the New York high school stars, played a wonderful game in centre field. He proved his ability in the field and also at the bat. Samson, as usual, was a star behind the bat.

The line-up was as follows:

Farm School—Weigle (capt.), 1b.; Ulman, 2b.; Santon, c.; Nusbaum, ss.; Adleman, lf.; Ross, cf.; George, 3b.; Harvey, rf.; Kahn, p.

Palmer High—Richards, lf.; Moyer, ss.; Landen, cf.; Overholt, c.; Powers (Joe), 1b.; Wolf-angle, rf.; Powers (Jim), p.; Jones, 2b.; Brown, 3b.

Adleman, the track manager, has now got his men on the cinder path for the coming meet with the Gladstone boys. Too much cannot be said about his work. He is spending much of his spare time putting the track in good shape.

The boxing tournament is in full swing. Both the participants and the spectators enjoy this sport very much. Though no white hopes have yet been found, Sewel stands ahead of them all by always having a black eye, which he cannot get rid of.

Harrison is on the job with the tennis court.

He has been a little slow in getting to it, but he is putting the court in such fine shape that there will be no more delays. Tennis is becoming quite a prominent part among the fellows, and we hope that it will have a good season.

Exchange

M. Fereshetian, Editor.

All oysters are silent.

No silent creatures are amusing.

"The Irwinian" was an exceptionally fine number. The stories and poems well written and composed. The second, third and fifth verse of the poem, "Opals," are a credit to the composer.

"The Red and Black" thinks that an essay on Charles Dickens, published in the "Gleaner," would have looked much better in an encyclopaedia. Well, it may be that the editors of the "Red and Black" are not used to seeing anything compact and to the point in anything but an encyclopaedia.

In order to correct the impression about the errors made in the April "Gleaner," we would like to say that the errors in arrangement were made at the publisher's office. Since the school is at such a distance from Philadelphia, where the paper is published, it is often impossible for the editor-in-chief or any member of the staff to be present at the publisher's as often as necessary. We are confident that our exchanges will overlook those points of error which we hope not to have again.

What is the matter, Iris? A sharp pupil as yours overlooked in sending us a copy.

The "Manorah" is above criticism, and the same can be said of the "Review."

The "School Review" from the Stevens School is a pleasant surprise, well edited and arranged.

First Voice—"Yes, I always sleep in gloves. It keeps your hands soft."

Second Voice—"Really! Do you sleep with your hat on?"

Exasperated Father—"Good morning, son of Satan."

Scapegrace Boy—"Good morning, father."—Ex.

Many are called, but the majority turn over and take another nap.—Ex.

"How shall I enter the money the cashier skipped with?" asked the bookkeeper, "under loss and gain?"

"No; suppose you enter it under running expenses."—Ex.

"The face of returns," said the chairman of the meeting, "shows sixty-seven ayes and no noes."

"What a queer looking face that must be!" remarked an old lady on the back row.

WITH THE GRADUATES.

Dr. Benjamin Chods, '07, D. V. S., Cornell University, practicing at Grab, Pa. At the school he was known as "Big Chief," played full-back on the 'Varsity football team. No wonder he has the push to go through anything.

Harry Rich, '02. When Secretary Wilson, of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture spoke at the National Farm School in 1902 he took a liking to Harry and sent him down to Texas to study the tobacco growing business. Today he is considered an expert in the growing of tobacco, and is in charge of the American Tobacco Co.'s plant in Connecticut, just transferred from Georgia.

H. Weinberg, '02, also sent to Texas as a tobacco expert. Some of the alumni think he is lost in the tobacco fields. It might be a case of sour grapes (?).

H. Ratner, '06, and I. Ratner, '05, both have modern farms, electricity, etc., tomato specialists. We hear that they have prospered in acreage and also numbers.

Lost and Found—D. Newsloft, '06, farm manager in Connecticut, eligible inspector of milk with the Board of Health, New York city.

H. Frank, '07—managing 600 acres in Illinois. What more would you want?

"I hear you are in the flower of the family."

"Yes. A blooming idiot."—Ex.

If Rosie knows how to make love would Fancourt her.

Crohn (looking over his cards) —"I've got four kings; what have you got?"

Gordon (sadly)—"Nodding but a mob of Socialists."

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